Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble mee no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I mark't him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wiſely, in the ſtreete too.

Prince. Thou didſt well: for Wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*, God forgiue thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: Ile bee damned for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prince. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Iacke*?

Falſ. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell mee.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purſe-taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*: 'tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poynes.*

Poy. Now ſhall wee know if Gads hill haue ſet a match: O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that euer cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poy. Good morrow ſweete *Hall*. What ſayes *Monſieur* Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-Friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prince. Sir *Iohn* ſtands to his word, the Diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Prouerbs: he will giue the Diuell his due.

Poy.

Poines. Then art thou damn'd for keep
the Diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had beene damn'd for coo
Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow
clocke early at *Gads Hill*, there are pilgrimes
ry with rich offerings, and Traders riding
purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you h
ſelues: *Gads-Hill* lies to night in *Rochester*,
per to morrow night in *Eaſtcheape*; wee m
ſleepe: if you will goe, I will ſtuffe your pu
if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd

Falſ. Heare yee, Yedward, if I tarry at h
hang you for going.

Poy. You will, chops?

Falſ. *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theeſe? not

Falſ. Ther's neither honeſty, man-hood, n
in thee; nor thou camſt not of the blood roy
not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well, then once in my daies Ile

Falſ. Why; thats well ſaid.

Prince. Well, come what will, Ile tar

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, w

Prince. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leaue the Prince a
lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduentu

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of per
eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakſt m
he heares may be beleeued, that the Prince,
ſake) proue a falſe theef; for the poore abuſes
countenance: farewell, you ſhall find me in

Pri. Farewel the latter ſpring, farewell A

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ri
row. I haue a leaſt to execute, that I can
Falſtaffe, *Harvey*, *Roſſill*, and *Gads-Hill*, ſhall
we haue already way-laid; your ſelfe and I
and when they haue the booty, if you and I
cut this head from my ſhoulders.